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10¢





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LIFETIME
COMICS MAGAZINE!

THE HOODED HORSEMAN



You'll GASP AT
FAST-SHOOTING, RED-
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED
INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,
FAST-RIDING COWBOY
HEROES!

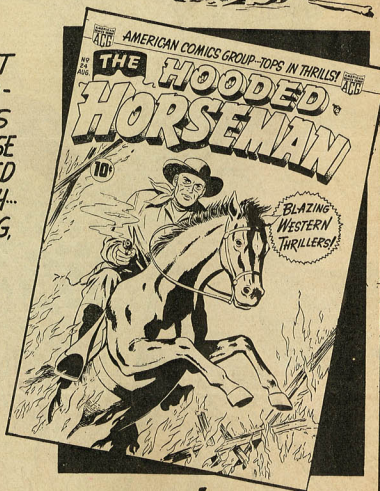
★ ★ ★

You've NEVER read a
western like this...
it's an action-packed
killer-diller! So...

don't miss

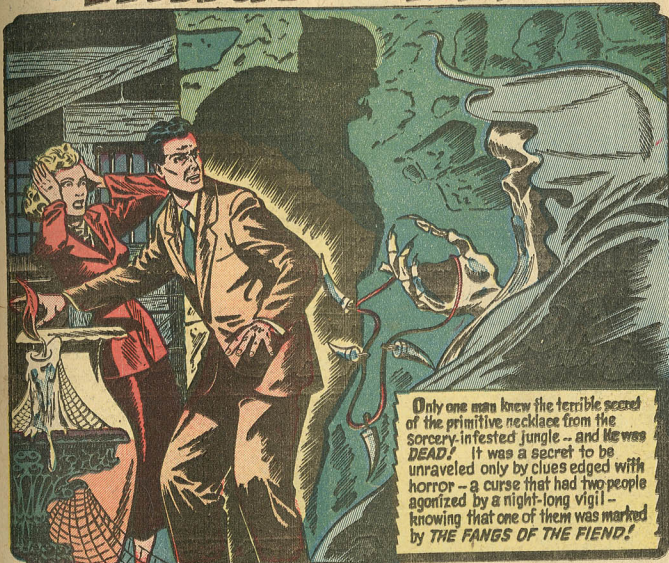
THE HOODED HORSEMAN!

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-
MINUTE WESTERN COMIC
THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



10¢ ON ALL
STANDS

The FANGS of the FIEND



Only one man knew the terrible secret of the primitive necklace from the sorcery-infested jungle -- and he was DEAD! It was a secret to be unraveled only by clues edged with horror -- a curse that had two people agonized by a night-long vigil -- knowing that one of them was marked by THE FANGS OF THE FIEND!

LATE ONE AFTERNOON -- CAN'T SAY I THINK MUCH OF THIS HOUSE YOU'VE INHERITED, NORA -- ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING IT'S FIFTEEN MILES FROM THE NEAREST TOWN!

AFTER EXPLORING FOR YEARS AMONG PRIMITIVE TRIBES, UNCLE FRED WANTED A QUIET PLACE FOR HIS RESEARCH! I WAS CURIOUS ABOUT THE TROPHIES MENTIONED IN HIS WILL, JIM -- BUT AFTER SEEING THE HOUSE FOR THE FIRST TIME -- I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME WITH ME!

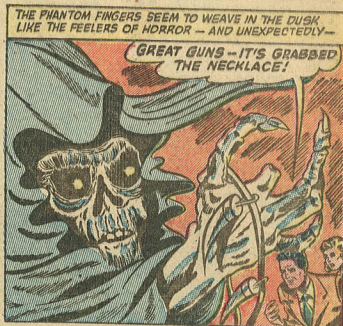
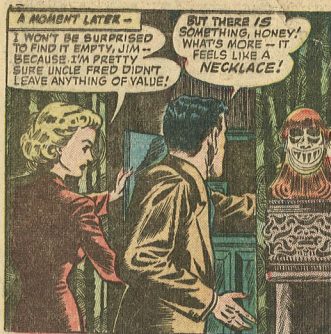
THERE SEEMED TO BE A PRESENCE LURKING BEYOND THE CORNERED DOORWAY -- SOMETHING THAT EVOKED FORGOTTEN TOM-TOMS IN THE DISTANT JUNGLE -- AND A DREAD THAT CLUNG TO THE SHADOWS!

YEP -- IF THERE EVER WAS A PLACE WITH A HOSTILE ATMOSPHERE -- THIS IS IT! WHAT'S ON THE PROGRAM, NORA?

UNCLE FRED'S LAWYER GAVE ME THE COMBINATION OF HIS WALL SAFE -- AND MAYBE WE'D BETTER GET THAT OVER WITH FIRST!



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THANK GOODNESS--
THE GHOST
ISN'T HERE!

NOPE, BUT YOU CAN
BET IT WAS -- BECAUSE
THERE'S THE
NECKLACE!



I CAN UNDERSTAND A PHANTOM
VANISHING -- BUT WHAT ABOUT
THOSE WEIRD MOANS? JIM--
DO YOU SUPPOSE THE GHOST
HAD A REASON FOR BRINGING
THE NECKLACE HERE?

PROBABLY! IT
OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T
WANT US TO TAKE
THE NECKLACE--AND
WE'LL NEVER LEARN
WHY UNLESS WE
DO!



SEEING THE GHOST WAS BAD
ENOUGH -- BUT I CAN'T GET OVER
THE CREEPY FEELING THAT IT'S
SOMETHING FAMILIAR!

JUST A MATTER OF SHOCK,
HONEY! I'M SEEING TO IT
THAT YOU GET RID OF THIS
PLACE -- SO DON'T GIVE THE
GHOST ANOTHER THOUGHT!



THEN -- BLOTCHING
THE ASHEN DUSK--

OHH! JIM--
THERE IT
IS AGAIN!

LET GO,
NORA--THE
CAR'S
SWERVING!



NORA -- THANK
HEAVEN YOU'RE
SAFE!

BUT YOU'VE BEEN
HURT, JIM -- YOU'RE
BLEEDING!

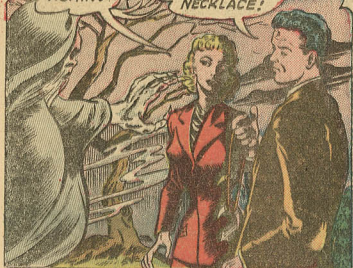


NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, HONEY! I HAD THE
NECKLACE IN MY SHIRT POCKET -- AND THE FANGS
GASHED MY CHEST WHEN I FELL!

AS A SILENT SHAPE REARS IN THE GLOOM --

HEAVENS -- THERE'S
THE GHOST
AGAIN!

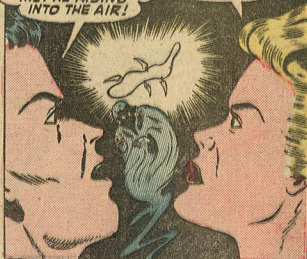
YES -- AND IT'S STILL AFTER
SOMETHING I DON'T INTEND
GIVING UP -- THE
NECKLACE!



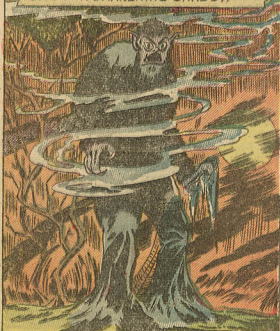
UNEXPECTEDLY --

MY GOSH -- LOOK!
THE FANGS ARE GLOWING
BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER --
THEY'RE RISING
INTO THE AIR!

WE CAN'T BLAME THAT
ON THE GHOST, JIM --
IT'S SHRINKING BACK --
AS IF IT'S
AFRAID!



FOR AN INSTANT, THE GLEAMING FANGS
FLOAT IN A DARKENING SHADOW --



A SHADOW THAT LURCHES INTO
BEING IN A SURGE OF EVIL --

GODD LORD! GET MOVING --
THAT MONSTROUS THING'S
AFTER US!

ARRRRGH!



A MOMENT LATER -- WITH THE HOT,
RASPING BREATH OF EVIL CLOSE
BEHIND THEM --

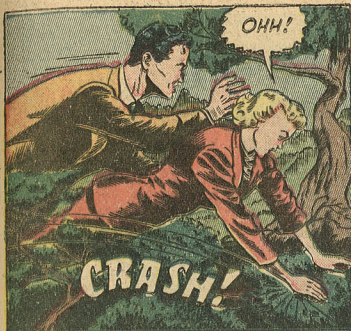
YARRRGH!

QUICK -- JUMP
THROUGH!

NOT THE HOUSE,
JIM! NO MATTER
WHAT HAPPENS --
I CAN'T GO IN
THERE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE
OTHER PLACE
WHERE WE CAN
HIDE -- THAT FLAT
FIELD WITH THE
THICK UNDERBRUSH!





OHH!

CRASH!



WE WOULD TRIP OVER SOMETHING! YOU O.K., NORA?

YES--BUT LOOK! THAT THING'S RECOILING--STEP BY STEP!



IT ISN'T HARD TO FIGURE THE REASON! SEE WHERE WE ARE?

GOODNESS -- IT'S AN OLD GRAVEYARD!

EVIDENTLY THE DEAD CAN CHECK THAT CREEP -- AND WE CAN THANK OUR LUCKY STARS FOR THAT! BUT WHAT'LL WE DO NOW--WITH THE CAR WRECKED FIFTEEN MILES FROM NOWHERE?

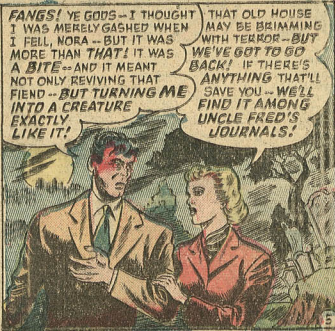


JIM -- YOUR VOICE SOUNDS STRANGE! ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?



IT'S HARD TO SAY, NORA! SOMEHOW-- I FEEL DIFFERENT!

JIM -- WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? YOU'VE GOT FANGS!



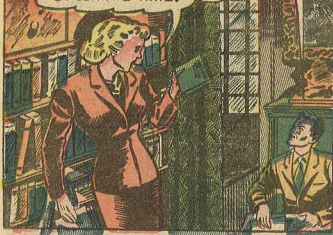
FANGS! YE GODS--I THOUGHT I WAS MERELY GASHED WHEN I FELL, NORA--BUT IT WAS MORE THAN THAT! IT WAS A BITE--AND IT MEANT NOT ONLY REVIVING THAT FIEND--BUT TURNING ME INTO A CREATURE EXACTLY LIKE IT!

THAT OLD HOUSE MAY BE BRIMMING WITH TERROR--BUT WE'VE GOT TO GO BACK! IF THERE'S ANYTHING THAT'LL SAVE YOU--WE'LL FIND IT AMONG UNCLE FRED'S JOURNALS!

AS THE SLOW HOURS TICK AWAY—AND THE CHANGE IN JIM'S FEATURES GROWS LIKE A CREEPING BLIGHT—

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, NORA—DON'T LOOK AT ME! I KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY FACE—MINUTE BY MINUTE!

THANK HEAVEN THE TRANSFORMATION'S A SLOW ONE—WE MAY STILL HAVE TIME!



HERE IT IS—THE ENTRY UNCLE FRED WROTE THE DAY HE BARTERED FOR THE NECKLACE IN A JUNGLE VILLAGE! DARLING, IT'S HORRIBLE—IT'S JUST WHAT WE FEARED—THOSE HIDEOUS THINGS ARE CALLED **THE FANGS OF THE FIEND!**

DON'T PULL ANY PUNCHES, NORA—NOTHING CAN COME AS A SHOCK WHEN I FEEL DOOM SPREADING THROUGH MY ENTIRE BODY! WHAT'S THE REST?



EVIDENTLY, THE WEREWOLF HAD BEEN DESTROYED BY TRIBAL MAGIC—AND THE FANGS WERE KEPT AS A TALISMAN! ONLY ONE THING COULD RESTORE THE FIEND—THE VERY THING THAT HAPPENED TONIGHT! ACCORDING TO THE NATIVES, WHEN THE FANGS ONCE MORE PIERCED HUMAN FLESH, AND WERE REDDENED BY HUMAN BLOOD—THE WEREWOLF WOULD LIVE AGAIN!



AND WHAT DOES IT SAY ABOUT THE VICTIM? HOW LONG HAVE I GOT—BEFORE I BECOME

LIKE THAT? UNTIL DAWN—ONE HOUR FROM NOW!

THE FIEND WILL BE COMING FOR YOU, JIM—IT'LL BE HERE TO WATCH THE LAST HIDEOUS STAGE OF YOUR TRANSFORMATION—AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO TO PREVENT IT!



WAIT—WHAT ABOUT THAT OLD GRAVEYARD? IF THE WEREWOLF IS AFRAID TO ENTER—IT'S BECAUSE THE DEAD CAN DO IT HARM! IF WE HIDE AMONG THE TOMBSTONES AT DAWN—MAYBE THAT FIEND CAN BE LURED INTO A TRAP!

MAYBE THE DEAD CAN MENACE A WEREWOLF, JIM—BUT HOW CAN WE RISK THE GRAVEYARD—WHEN THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU'LL BE AT DAWN?



YES—A CREATURE WHOSE FANGS SPELL A TERROR WORSE THAN DEATH TO ANY HUMAN IT'S AROUND! NORA, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DON'T WAIT—YOU'VE GOT TO LEAVE ME—BEFORE IT HAPPENS!

JIM—I WON'T DENY I'M HORRIFIED BY THIS HIDEOUS CHANGE YOU'RE UNDERGOING! BUT SO FAR, IT'S MERELY PHYSICAL—IT'S SOMETHING I CAN STAND BECAUSE I LOVE YOU—AND THAT'S STRONGER THAN FEAR! THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT, DARLING—AND WE'LL FIND IT TOGETHER!



SOMEWHERE IN THE DARKNESS, A BIRD TWITTERS, AWARE OF THE ONCOMING SUNRISE—AND IN A VOICE THAT DEEPENS MORE AND MORE INTO AN INHUMAN GROWL—

THINK OF IT... WE PLANNED A LIFETIME TOGETHER—AND NOW, IN JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES—YOU'LL SHRINK FROM ME, NORA! THERE'LL BE A MONSTROUS CAST TO MY FACE NO WOMAN CAN STAND—A FANGED EVIL THAT'LL SEND YOU SCREAMING INTO THE DARKNESS!

JIM—SOMETHING'S GLIDING THROUGH THE DOORWAY! IT CAN'T BE THE WEREWOLF—NOT THIS SOON!



IT'S THE PHANTOM, NORA! LOOK—IT'S MOTIONING—AS IF IT WANTS US TO FOLLOW!

GOOD HEAVENS—THE INDEX FINGER'S MISSING FROM ITS RIGHT HAND! NOW I KNOW WHAT I RECOGNIZED, JIM—IT'S THE GHOST OF UNCLE FRED! ALL THIS TIME—IT'S BEEN TRYING TO HELP US!

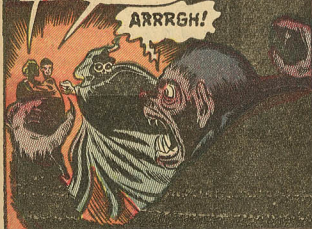


SUDDENLY—AS IF THE SHADOWS DISGORGED A BURDEN OF EVIL—

THE WERE-WOLF!

IT'S COME AHEAD OF TIME TO DRIVE THE GHOST AWAY—KNOWING IT'S OUR LAST HOPE!

ARRRGH!



JIM—WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE! THE GHOST MIGHT HAVE DONE SOMETHING—BUT IT'S RETREATING!

UNLESS IT STILL WANTS TO LEAD US SOMEWHERE! LET'S GET AWAY FROM THIS CREEP—AND SEE WHERE THE GHOST IS HEADING!



WITH THE SCURRY OF PURSUING FOOTSTEPS BEHIND THEM—

THERE'S THAT NOISE AGAIN—JUST LIKE THE MUFFLED STIR OF HIDDEN VOICES!

WHATEVER'S THE CAUSE—I'M PRETTY SURE THE GHOST WOULDN'T LEAD US TO ANYTHING EVIL! THERE IT IS—STANDING NEAR THOSE LARGE CLAY URNS!

ANH-H! ANH-H!



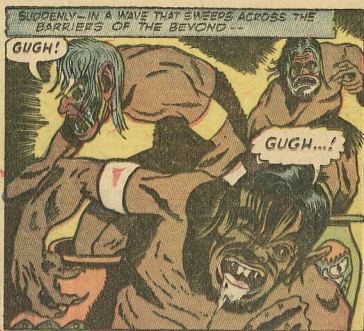
ANH-H!

THOSE WEIRD VOICES ARE GROWING LOUDER—AND THEY'RE COMING FROM THE URNS!

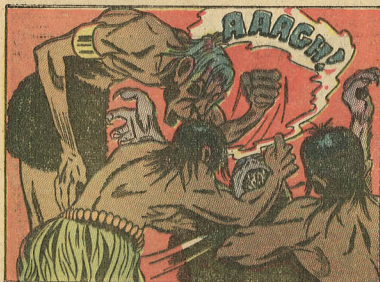
ARRR!

QUICK—DUCK INTO THE SHADOWS!



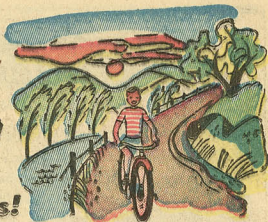


THEN, THE STARK FIGURES ENGULF THE WEREWOLF--
AND A BAYING DEATH-NOTE SHUDDERS AGAINST
THE DAWNING SKY!

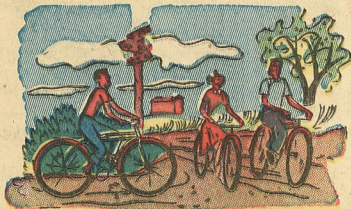


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HAUNTED HOUSE

LUCILLE SHUDDERED INVOLUNTARILY as she looked out the window of the old house and saw that night had fallen. That morning, when she and her husband, George, had moved in, they had chuckled happily at having gotten it so cheaply. But now, alone in the gloomy old mansion set deep in the woods, Lucille began to be afraid...terribly afraid.

When the renting agent had first told them the price, they had been suspicious... but after learning that the house was so cheap because of its reputation for being haunted, they had smothered their grins and signed on the dotted line. Lucille and George considered themselves a modern couple, free of ridiculous superstitions. They knew that ghosts didn't exist, so why let a few local legends deprive them of the bargain of a lifetime?

They had moved in the very next day, congratulating themselves on their good fortune as they stood on the front porch and surveyed the expanse of encircling, dense woods. "Not another house within two miles," George said. "What more could two people in love ask for?"

But somehow, as the afternoon waned, the house had taken on a forbidding and gloomy aspect...and Lucille had insisted that they turn on all the lights. "To make it seem like a festive occasion," she lied. George had smiled, and given in. Together they went through the rooms, pulling light cords and pressing switches. But suddenly all the lights had gone out, and they remembered too late that overloading a long unused electrical system could cause a fuse blowout.

There was nothing for George to do but drive into town for new fuses...and although Lucille longed to go with him,

dreading to be alone in the old house, she dreaded even more the laughter with which he would have greeted any expression of her fear. So Lucille had put on a brave front, had gallily waved goodbye from the porch... but as soon as he had gone, she had hurriedly locked the door behind her.

And now, an hour later, a pall of utter blackness had fallen over the house and over Lucille's soul. The rooms seemed to be alive with noises, with creaks and moans...and although she tried to tell herself that all old houses were the same, she couldn't help but tremble.

At last she saw the headlights of a car coming slowly up the dirt road toward the house...and with a sigh of relief she began feeling her way in the pitch blackness toward the front door. She had just gotten there when a sudden fear gripped her...what if it weren't George, but someone or something else?

Quivering, she stood and listened to the approaching footsteps. They *didn't* sound like George's, and she was certain it wasn't him when a hearty male voice called from outside, "Hi, honey...it's me! Open up!"

The voice was unmistakable...it was George. With a heartfelt sigh of relief, Lucille threw open the door...and gasped in horror at the awful spectacle with a skull-like face that stood on the threshold, grinningly reaching out its skeletal hands toward her.

Her terrible shriek reverberated around the dark woods, and suddenly died in her throat. The last thing she remembered before losing consciousness was the renting agent's words: "They say the ghost which haunts the house has the power of assuming the voice of anyone it has slain."

WHAT CAN MIDNIGHT MEAN TO A YOUNG GIRL-- WHEN SHE UNWITTINGLY SHARES IT WITH A BEING THAT SEEKS ONLY ONE THING IN THE DWINDLING MOONLIGHT-- A CORPSE? WILL HORROR CLAY AT HER VERY SOUL WHEN SHE LEARNS THE TRUTH-- OR WILL THE REVELATION MEAN SOMETHING FAR MORE OVERPOWERING-- WHEN DISTANT TUM-TOMS THUD LIKE MUTED ACQUAINTERS FOR...

The ZOMBIE'S DOOM



IN A LONELY GRAVEYARD-- WITH THE DAWNING SKY SEEMING TO HOLD THE LINGERING GREY GHOST OF MIDNIGHT--

THEIR WIZENED FACES STARE UP AT ME FROM BELOW-- THEY STIR IN THEIR COFFINS AT THE SOUND OF MY VOICE-- BUT THE UNDEAD CANNOT ESCAPE!



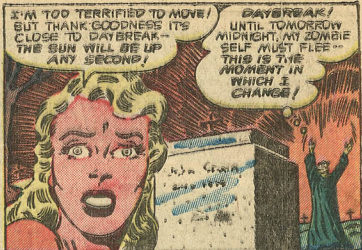
AGAIN AND AGAIN SINCE MIDNIGHT, I'VE MUTTERED MY ANCIENT SPELL-- KNOWING FROM THE MUFFLED THUDS BELOW THAT THEY HEARD ME-- AND WERE STRUGGLING TO RISE! IF MY FINAL ATTEMPT FAILS, I'LL HAVE TO SEEK ELSEWHERE-- IN A PLACE WHERE THE GRAVES ARE SHALLOW-- WHERE THE UNDEAD WILL EMERGE IN TIME TO AVERT MY DOOM!





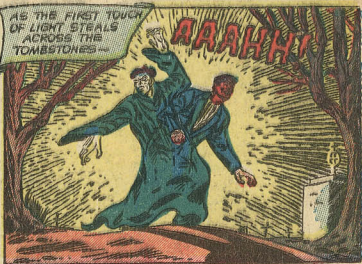
RISE, RISE, DIRE AND DREAD--
YOU WHO DIED SHALL
BE UNDEAD!

GOOD
HEAVENS!
FIRST I THOUGHT
I JUST IMAGINED
THAT HORRIBLE
VOICE -- BUT
THE GROUND'S
SHAKING!



I'M TOO TERRIFIED TO MOVE!
BUT THANK GOODNESS ITS
CLOSE TO DAYBREAK--
THE SUN WILL BE UP
ANY SECOND!

DAYBREAK!
UNTIL TOMORROW
MIDNIGHT, MY ZOMBIE
SELF MUST FLEE--
THIS IS THE
MOMENT IN
WHICH I
CHANGE!



AS THE FIRST TOUCH
OF LIGHT STEALS
ACROSS THE
TOMBSTONES--

AAAHHH!



THEN--
OH! IT'S A
MIRACLE
TO MEET
ANYONE
HUMAN--
BUT
PLEASE--
DON'T GO
AWAY!

HUMAN! IF SHE
ONLY KNEW WHAT'S
ON MY MIND--THE
TANTALIZING
THOUGHT OF
WHAT A FINE-
LOOKING CORPSE
SHE'D MAKE!



I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS
MOMENT--WHEN I EXPECTED
TO SEE SOMETHING HIDEOUS
--AND MET YOU! FOR A
SECOND, IT SEEMED LIKE
A FIENDISH TRAP-- I
DIDN'T DARE OPEN MY
EYES-- AND
THEN YOU
WERE
THERE!

AND I
SUPPOSE YOU
MAKE A HABIT
OF VISITING
GRAVEYARDS
AT SUNRISE?



HEAVENS, NO! MY CAR GOT A FLAT
OVER ON THE TURNPIKE-- AND I
WAS TAKING A SHORTCUT HOME!
MY NAME'S
SUSAN WRIGHT--
AND YOURS?

DR. ESPEE!
I DOUBT WHETHER
YOU WILL HAVE
ANYTHING MORE
TO FEAR-- I
MUST LEAVE
NOW!

"SHE'D MAKE A FINE-LOOKING CORPSE" A VOICE SEEMS TO ECHO IN DR. ESPROC'S MIND-- AND AS HE HESITATES--

YOU HAVEN'T ANSWERED! IS SOMETHING TROUBLING YOU?

I-- I'M GOING AWAY TOMORROW NIGHT-- TO HAITI! IT'S A SCIENTIFIC TRIP-- TO STUDY AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON!

SHE SEEMS ALMOST ATTRACTED TO ME-- BUT I MUST BE WARY! NO LIVING WOMAN HAS EVER DONE ANYTHING BUT RECOIL FROM ME-- IS THIS INTEREST OF HERS JUST A CRAFTY ATTEMPT TO VERIFY HER SUSPICIONS? IF THAT'S THE CASE, SHE'LL TRY TO SEE ME AGAIN-- THEN I'LL BE SURE-- THEN SHE'LL BE DOOMED!

THE FOLLOWING EVENING... AS ROUSING BATS STIR IN THE COBWEB-SHROUDED MURK--

MY SHIP SAILS IN THREE HOURS-- I'LL LAND IN HAITI WITH PLENTY OF TIME TO SPARE-- I'LL HAVE DOZENS OF UNDEAD HOBBLING AROUND ME BY THE TIME THE MOON IS SHADOWED! AND YET I KEEP PACING-- PACING-- WAITING FOR SOMETHING I DREAD!



SUSAN!

I SUPPOSE IT WAS WRONG OF ME TO LOOK UP YOUR ADDRESS! BUT YOU'RE GOING AWAY-- A TERRIBLE DISTANCE-- AND I WANTED A CHANCE TO SAY GOODBYE!



ONCE BEFORE, DR. ESPROC HAD FELT PITY-- BUT PITY IS A FRAGILE THING TO A MIND LIKE THIS-- ITS BROODING EVIL MASKED BY THE DEEPENING SHADOWS--

WHY GOODBYE, ESPROC-- AFTER WHAT YOU DECIDED LAST NIGHT? TAKE HER WITH YOU-- AND LET HER FEEL YOUR FINGERS AT HER THROAT AT THE FIRST INSTANT OF THE ECLIPSE! LET HER BE THE FIRST OF THE UNDEAD YOU CALL FORTH IN THE SULTRY HAITIAN NIGHT!

A THOUGHT JUST OCCURRED TO ME! MY SECRETARY HAS FALLEN UNEXPECTEDLY ILL-- AND I'LL NEED SOMEONE TO TAKE NOTES AND HANDLE THE CORRESPONDENCE DURING THE TRIP! WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME?

WOULD I! IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!



NIGHTS LATER-- WITH THE SOUTHERN CROSS SPRAWLING LOW ON THE HORIZON--

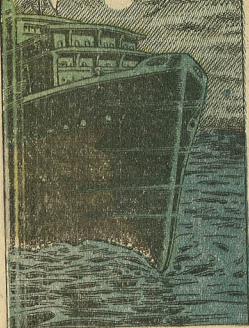
IMAGINE TRAVELING THIS FAR JUST TO SEE AN ECLIPSE! YOU'RE ALWAYS SO GERIOUS, DR. ESPROC-- BUT I'LL BET YOU CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE MOON SHRINKING SMALLER AND SMALLER!

YES... I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO IT! TOMORROW NIGHT WILL MEAN A GREAT DEAL TO ME, MISS WRIGHT!



DO YOU HAVE TO
BE SO FORMAL?
WHY DON'T YOU
CALL ME
SWEAN--
AS YOU
ONCE DID?

WHAT DIFFER-
ENCE DOES IT
MAKE? WHY IN
THUNDER SHOULD
WE BE ANYTHING
BUT FORMAL?



JUST BECAUSE THINGS
HAVE WORKED OUT A
CERTAIN WAY... AND
BECAUSE I DON'T THINK
YOU'D HAVE ASKED ME
TO COME...
UNLESS
YOU FEEL
THE WAY
I DO!

GOOD
HEAVENS, SUSAN
-- WE
MUSTN'T!



IT'S WITHIN A FEW
SECONDS OF TWELVE!
I CAN'T LET HER
SEE IT HAPPEN--
NOT AT A TIME
LIKE THIS!

YOU'VE
GROWN
PALE!
WHAT'S
WRONG?



DR.
ESPROC!

GOING TO--
MY CABIN!
I'LL BE
PERFECTLY
-- ALL
RIGHT!



HE JUST DOESN'T WANT
TO BOTHER ME-- BUT I
KNOW HE WON'T BE ALL
RIGHT! THERE WAS A LOOK
OF DREAD ON HIS FACE--
AS IF HE FEARED SOME
KIND OF ATTACK-- AND
I'VE GOT TO
HELP HIM!



A MOMENT
LATER--

OH!!!



DR. ESPROC! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE,
DON'T YOU SEE IT -- THAT HIDEOUS
THING'S IN THERE WITH YOU!

BLAZES--THE LIGHTS!
I'VE GOT TO TURN THEM
OFF! SHE'S BOUND TO
GUESS THE TRUTH NOW--
AND WHEN SHE DOES--
WHAT WILL THERE BE
LEFT FOR ME
TO DO?

BAM!
BAM!

CLICK!

DARLING, LET ME IN-- TRY TO
REACH THE DOOR. I HAVEN'T
WE LEARNED THAT THE
FIEND CAN'T HARM EITHER
OF US-- WHILE WE'RE
TOGETHER?

BLAM!

WAY!

SLOWLY, THE BONY
HAND REACHES
FOR THE
DOORKNOB--
AND THEN --

NO-- I CAN'T DO IT! NOT WHEN
SHE'S READY TO FACE UNUTTER-
ABLE TERROR-- BELIEVING SHE
WILL SAVE ME!

SOMETHING TOUCHED THE ZOMBIE
IN THAT MOMENT-- CHANGING HIS
RASPING VOICE-- BRIEFLY
DIMMING THE GLOW HE WORE
LIKE A MANTLE OF EVIL--

SUSAN, THERE'S
NOTHING TO BE
AFRAID OF--
BELIEVE ME!
THAT THING
VANISHED--
AS SOON AS
IT HEARD YOU
OUTSIDE!

THANK
GOODNESS!
IT'S JUST AS
IF EVIL BROUGHT
US TOGETHER,
AND NOW
WANTS TO
SEPARATE
US-- BUT IT
WON'T-- IT
WON'T!

LATE THE FOLLOWING EVE-
NING-- IN A SMALL
HAITIAN VILLAGE--

I THINK IT'S THRILLING THAT THE
ECLIPSE WON'T START UNTIL SIX
MINUTES AFTER MIDNIGHT!
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE
THE JUNGLE THEN-- AS IF IN
THE BACK
OF MY MIND
I KNEW
IT'D BE
THE HIGH
POINT OF
MY LIFE!

I KNOW IT'LL
BE DISAPPOINT-
ING-- BUT I
WANT TO GO
ALONE! YOU
CAN'T COME!

BUT WHY? WATCHING THE
ECLIPSE WAS THE WHOLE
PURPOSE OF THE TRIP-- THE
VERY THING I WANTED TO
SHARE WITH YOU!

NO, SUSAN! I'VE
CHANGED MY MIND--
IT CAN'T BE
SHARED!



THAT NIGHT-- WHILE TOM-TOMS BEAT
AMONG THE FIRELIT PALMS-- A
LONELY FIGURE PACES
TOWARD THE JUNGLE--

SUSAN... SHE WAS DEEPLY HURT
WHEN I LEFT-- SHE MAY GRIEVE
WHEN I DON'T RETURN-- BUT AT
LEAST I'VE SPARED HER
MEMORIES BRISTLING
WITH HORROR!

BOOM!

**BOOMA
BOOM
BOOM**

BOOM!

SOMEWHERE BEYOND--
WHERE THE HUSH PULSES
WITH A STRANGE RHYTHM--

AND NOW-- ONCE I
CHANGE BACK TO MY
ZOMBIE SELF, I'LL HAVE
SIX MINUTES TO RAISE
MY FIRST CORPSE BE-
FORE THE ECLIPSE
STARTS-- LIKE A
CIRCULAR BLADE
INCHING TOWARD
THE VERY THREAD
OF MY LIFE!

SUDDENLY--

SUSAN!

YOU'RE
GOING TO
BE ANGRY--
BUT I
HAD TO
COME!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE DOING-- BUT YOU
CAN'T STAY! IN JUST A
FEW MOMENTS, I'LL
CHANGE-- I'LL
CHANGE TERRIBLY!
CAN'T I MAKE YOU
UNDERSTAND?

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN-- YOU'LL
CHANGE?
WHAT ARE
YOU TRYING
TO TELL ME?

WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE GUESSED DAYS AGO-- BY
MERELY SPELLING MY NAME BACKWARDS? I'M
THE CREATURE YOU DREAD-- ABOUT TO RESUME
THE GRISLY SHAPE THAT WILL SEND YOU SHRIEK-
ING INTO THE JUNGLE! A ZOMBIE-- A FIEND
THAT MUST FIND A CORPSE BEFORE THE
ECLIPSE BEGINS!



AT THE
INSTANT OF MID-
NIGHT--

SUSAN, GO--
GO-- DON'T
WATCH!

OH! IT ISN'T TRUE--
IT CAN'T HAPPEN!



STARK AND PANTING--BURDENED BY THE STIGMA OF AN ANCIENT GRAVE--

SUSAN--I WARNED YOU-- I TRIED TO SPARE YOU THE TERROR OF SEEING THIS!

BUT HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY THINK I'M AFRAID OF YOU? I'M TERRIFIED-- BUT ONLY BECAUSE I KNOW WHAT THE ECLIPSE WILL MEAN!

YES-- NOW I KNOW IT MUST HAPPEN! THIS WILL BE SIX MINUTES OF WAITING FOR DEATH, SUSAN-- BECAUSE YOU BROUGHT ME SOMETHING, SUSAN-- SOMETHING I HARDLY DARE NAME!

AS THE DOOMING SHADOW NEARS THE HUDDLED MOON--

IT WAS LOVE... CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT-- KNOWING WHAT I AM?

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I LOVE YOU DESPITE WHAT YOU WERE-- THAT I LOVE YOU FOR THESE LAST MOMENTS WERE TOGETHER? THEY'RE SO SHORT, DARLING-- BUT TO ME THEY'RE WORTH A LIFETIME-- TO ME THEY'LL BE ALWAYS!

IN THE GROWING DARKNESS...

YOU MAY HAVE BEEN EVIL ONCE-- BUT THIS IS THE REAL CHANGE-- THIS IS THE ONE THAT WILL COUNT!

SUSAN-- SUSAN-- DON'T WAIT! LEAVE ME-- AND DON'T LOOK BACK!

THE MOON WAS A CIRCLET OF SILVER BEADS-- AND AS A STIFLED CRY ROSE FROM THE SHADOWS--

AAAAAGH!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

SECONDS LATER, THE TOM-TOMS THUDDED ONCE MORE IN THE FEEBLE MOONLIGHT... AND TO THE GIRL WALKING ALONE WITH HER SECRET SORROW, THEY WERE LIKE A CHANT INTONING BOTH GRIEF AND REDEMPTION--

FOR THE ZOMBIE'S DOOM!

THE END

From **YOUR EDITOR-** to **YOU!**

HELLO THERE, ALL you fine fans of "Forbidden Worlds"!

It's nice getting together with each and every one of you...matter of fact, it's our favorite time of the month! Ever strike you that these, our regular gatherings, are something *special*? Anyway, that's the way we look at them! Take your regular clubs and societies, for example. What are they but groups of unrelated people who too often have little or nothing in common? But our organization is different. We're people who have been brought together by a single great interest that all of us share... a fascination for the great *supernatural*. We're explorers, pioneers, trailblazers who have felt the lure of forbidden worlds and risen to the vital challenge of strange things which lurk beyond life itself. For, us alone are reserved the spine-tingling thrills that mount with midnight and the advent of all of the weird denizens of the vast Unknown...ghosts, werewolves, witches, vampires, zombies!

It's an eerie land of thrills and gasps...and your passport into it are the pages of that great magazine which dares to explore the *supernatural*... "Forbidden

Worlds". And this month's expedition, we're convinced, is the greatest, most exciting ever! We've come up with a blazing, hard-hitting issue which is packed cover to cover with sensational smash hit features guaranteed to keep you agasp. Take "The Fangs of the Fiend", for instance...a different type of werewolf yarn, a real thriller! And for a weird, heart-pulsing story of mounting fear, you'll go far before you match "The Zombie's Doom". "The Strange Circus of Dr. Mamirba" is an eerie tale of things beyond the ken of mortal man, and "The Eyes of Death" is a ghost story that will linger long in your memory! Add a fascinating collection of gripping short subjects...and we think you'll agree that we've come up with an all-star number!

But we want to know that you agree... and if you don't, why not? We want your opinion on our stories, as well as what you'd like to see in future issues. Write us, please, sending your letter to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. We'll print it if we have space! Meanwhile, let's take a look at what some of our other readers think!

"Dear Editor-

I've read a lot of weird stories, but 'Forbidden Worlds' outclasses them all by far. I can hardly wait between issues of your magazine. Please, can't you make it a monthly? A rabid fan,

--D. Shelton, Los Alamos, Calif."

Thanks...we've already done so!

"Dear Editor-

I was glad that you invited the readers of 'Forbidden Worlds' to write in their opinion of it. I think mine can be judged best by the fact that I wrote a check for a subscription before I had finished reading the first issue. Without doubt, it's by far the best magazine of its type I've ever read. Keep it in the realm of the supernatural, and bar those 'Men from Mars'!

--R. A. MacDonnell, Raleigh, N. C."

"Dear Editor-

I've read many comics, and I like stories about the supernatural best. And I've never enjoyed a comic more than your magazine, "Forbidden Worlds". And so other comic to us popular among my friends. Keep up your excellent work!

--M. Morgan, Brooklyn, N. Y."

"7 TRUE" GHOST EXPERIENCES

HERE'S AN EXCITING NEW FEATURE OF THIS MAGAZINE, READER--A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN TELL ABOUT YOUR EXPERIENCES WITH THE SUPERNATURAL! FOR OUR FIRST CONTRIBUTOR, HERE'S JAMES PRITCHETT, A RURAL POSTMAN OF SOUTH CAROLINA--

I NEVER DID BELIEVE IN GHOSTS AND SUCH--UNTIL I SAW SOME WITH MY OWN EYES! IT ALL BEGAN THE DAY I PASSED THE OLD CARLISLE MANSION ON MY REGULAR R.F.D. RUN--AND SAW A NOTE STICKING OUT OF THE MAILBOX, WHICH HADN'T BEEN USED IN TWENTY YEARS!

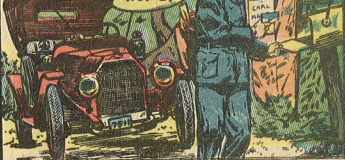


BUT THE MANSION IS STILL BOARDED UP--HE MUST BE LIVING THERE WITHOUT LIGHT AND HEAT! WELL, IF HE WANTS TO BE A HERMIT, I RECKON IT'S NONE O' MY AFFAIR!



IT SURE PUZZLED ME--BECAUSE EVER SINCE MYRA CARLISLE'S DEATH TWENTY YEARS BEFORE, HER HUSBAND MORGAN HAD BEEN TRAIPSING AROUND THE WORLD, TRYING TO FORGET HIS SORROW--AND NO ONE HAD BEEN LIVING IN THE HOUSE DURING HIS ABSENCE! BUT I WAS IN FOR AN EVEN BIGGER SURPRISE WHEN I READ THE NOTE--

TO R.F.D. POSTMAN--I HAVE TAKEN UP RESIDENCE HERE AGAIN, SO PLEASE LEAVE ALL MAIL FOR ME IN THE BOX. SIGNED, M. CARLISLE--WELL, I'LL BE--SO OLD MORGAN CARLISLE HAS FINALLY COME HOME!



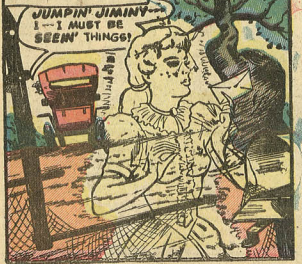
A FEW DAYS LATER, A LETTER POSTMARKED IN AFGHANISTAN CAME FOR M. CARLISLE--AND IT AROUSED MY CURIOSITY EVEN MORE!

HE SURE MUST'VE GOTTEN AROUND--I RECKON THE LETTER'S FROM ONE O' THE PEOPLE HE MET IN HIS TRAVELS!



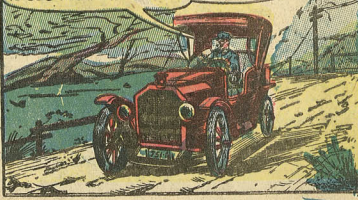
BUT AS I DROVE OFF, I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE O' SOMETHING MOVING IN MY REAR-VIEW MIRROR--AND WHEN I LOOKED AROUND, EXPECTING TO SEE OLD MORGAN CARLISLE--

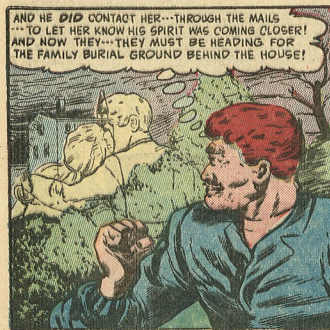
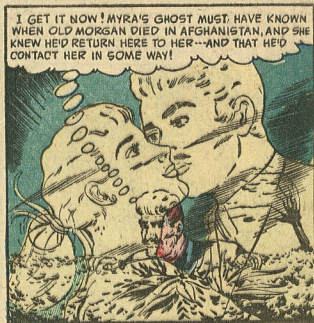
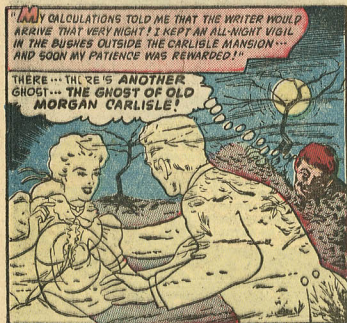
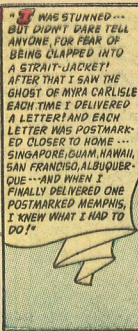
JUMPIN' JIMINY--I--I MUST BE SEEN' THINGS!

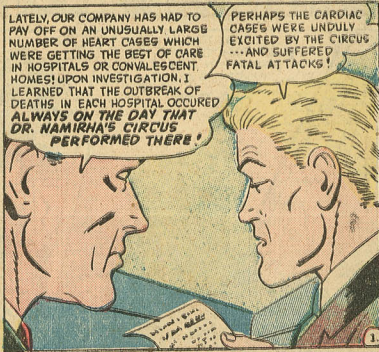
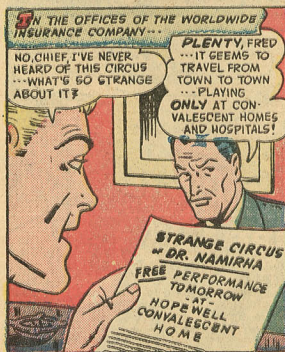
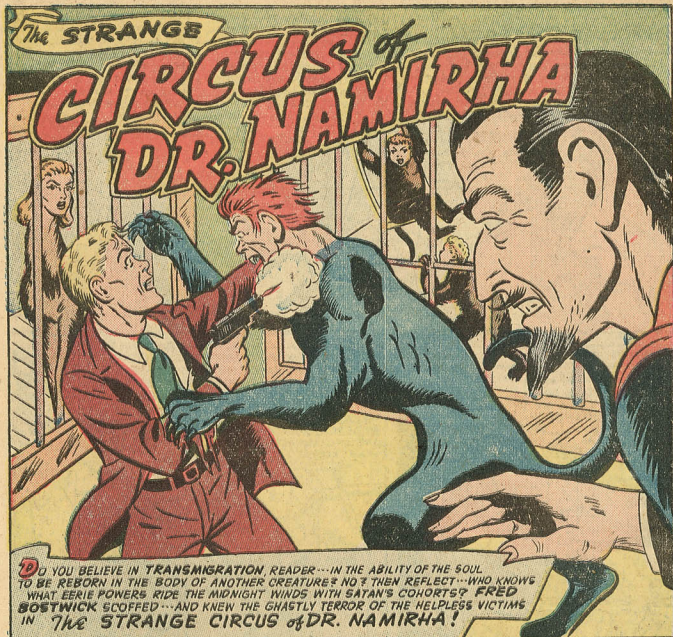


I THOUGHT MY EYES WERE PLAYING TRICKS ON ME--I KNEW I COULDN'T HAVE SEEN A TRANSPARENT GHOST PICKING UP THAT LETTER! BUT WHEN I DELIVERED ANOTHER LETTER FOR M. CARLISLE A FEW DAYS LATER--

HMM, THIS ONE'S FROM CALCUTTA--BUT IN THE SAME HANDWRITING AS THE FIRST ONE! WELL, THIS TIME I'M GOING TO PARK MY CAR AROUND A BEND IN THE ROAD AFTER DELIVERING THE LETTER--AND SNEAK BACK TO SEE WHO PICKS IT UP!







NO—ONLY PATIENTS WITH **SOUND** HEARTS WERE ALLOWED TO SEE THE PERFORMANCE! THERE'S NO PROOF THAT DR. NAMIRHA IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE DEATHS, BUT I'M PLAYING A HUNCH...AS OUR ACE INVESTIGATOR FRED, YOU'RE GOING TO ATTEND TOMORROW'S PERFORMANCE AT THE **HOPEWELL CONVALESCENT HOME!**

SOUNDS LIKE A CRAZY ASSIGNMENT...BUT YOU'RE THE BOSS!

NEXT MORNING...

DR. HOPEWELL, I'M **FRED BOSTWICK**, OF THE WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE COMPANY! I'M WONDERING IF ANY OF YOUR CARDIAC CASES WILL BE ATTENDING THE CIRCUS HERE TODAY!

CERTAINLY NOT! DR. NAMIRHA HIMSELF INSISTED THAT ALL PATIENTS WITH WEAK HEARTS BE KEPT APART IN A SPECIAL WING! THAT MAN IS A GREAT PHILANTHROPIST, TO SPEND ALL HIS TIME AND MONEY CHEERING THE SICK!

THAT AFTERNOON...

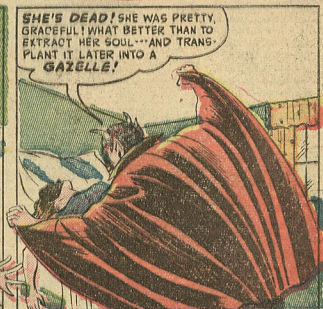
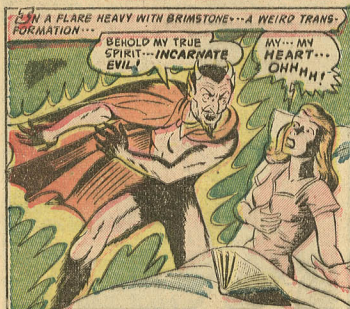
GREETINGS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...I AM **DR. NAMIRHA**! I CALL MY CIRCUS A **STRANGE** ONE, AND IT IS **STRANGE**...AS YOU WILL SOON SEE!

THOSE SWINGING PENDULUMS WILL SWIFTLY HYPNOTIZE EVERY ONE OF YOU...AND WHEN I BRING OUT MY ANIMALS, YOU WILL IMAGINE SEEING HALF-ANIMAL, HALF-HUMAN FIGURES! BUT REMEMBER...IT WILL MERELY BE A **HYPNOTIC ILLUSION**, SO DO NOT BE ALARMED AT HOW **REAL** THE ANIMAL-HUMANS LOOK!

I...I CAN'T TEAR MY GAZE FROM THOSE DISCS...THEY ARE HYPNOTIZING ME!

THEN...

AND HERE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ARE THE **STRANGEST CREATURES YOU'VE EVER BEHELD!**



AFTER THE CIRCUS WAGONS ROLL AWAY...

DR. HOPEWELL...
SOMETHING
TERRIBLE
HAPPENED
... EIGHT
CARDIAC
PATIENTS
ARE DEAD!

WHA...MAYBE THE
CHIEF WAS RIGHT
...THIS CAN'T BE
A COINCIDENCE!

I---I DON'T UNDERSTAND
IT---THESE DEATHS
COULDN'T HAVE ANY
CONNECTION WITH THE
CIRCUS---BECAUSE THE
PATIENTS COULDN'T
EVEN SEE THE PER-
FORMANCE FROM
THEIR WINDOWS!

BUT I'M SURE THERE IS A
CONNECTION! WHO THE
DEVIL IS THIS DR. NAMIRHA?
WAIT...DEVIL---NAMIRHA---YE
GODS! NAMIRHA SPELLED BACK-
WARDS IS **AHRIMAN**---THE
NAME OF ONE OF SATAN'S
DREAD OFFSPRING! MAYBE
THAT'S A COINCIDENCE---
BUT I INTEND FOLLOWING
THAT CIRCUS TO
FIND OUT!

AS DUSK FALLS...

THERE ARE THE CIRCUS
WAGONS, CAMPED FOR
THE NIGHT! LUCKY I
KNEW NAMIRHA'S
SCHEDULE OF FUTURE
APPEARANCES, OR I
NEVER WOULD'VE KNOWN
WHICH ROAD HE TOOK!
NOW TO PARK OFF THE
ROAD AND STEAL UP...

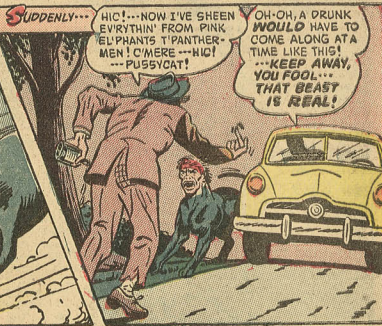
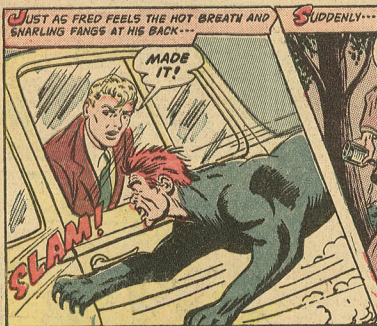
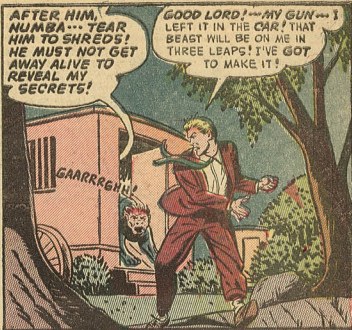
IN SIDE ONE OF THE WAGONS...

AHH, A PERFECT
**TRANSMIGRA-
TION**
OF YOUR SOUL,
GRACEFUL ONE! YOU WILL RE-
MAIN IMPRISONED WITHIN THIS
GAZELLE UN-
TIL ITS BODY
DIES--WHEN I
WILL TRANS-
PLANT YOUR SOUL
TO STILL ANOTHER
CREATURE!

YE GODS---I'M NOT HYPNOTIZED
NOW, SO WHAT I'M SEEING IS
REAL! TH---THAT GAZELLE-
GIRL'S FACE---IT'S THAT OF
THE GIRL WHO DIED BACK
AT HOPEWELL!

REMEMBER, I AM
YOUR MASTER...
**FOR NOW AND
ALWAYS!**

FEW PEOPLE BELIEVE THE OLD LEGENDS
ABOUT TRANSMIGRATIONS OF GOULS INTO
ANIMALS---BUT I DON'T DOUBT ANYMORE!
I'VE GOT TO RELEASE THAT POOR GIRL'S
GOUL FROM AHRIMAN'S CLUTCHES--OTHER-
WISE HER BODY WILL NEVER REST IN
ITS GRAVE!



THEY'RE BOTH DEAD! NAMIRHA IS SURE TO INVESTIGATE WHEN HIS PANTHER-MAN FAILS TO RETURN AND IF HE FINDS THE GUN IN THE DEAD MAN'S HAND, HE'LL THINK HE WAS THE SNOOPER! THAT WAY NAMIRHA WILL THINK NOBODY'S ALIVE WHO KNOWS HIS SECRET...AND HE'LL BE LULLED INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY!



I DON'T DARE TACKLE NAMIRHA AND HIS DEVILISH POWERS WITH ORDINARY WEAPONS...AND CALLING IN THE POLICE WOULD RESULT IN TERRIFIC CASUALTIES! SO I'VE GOT TO **OUTWIT** NAMIRHA BY USING HIS TACTICS...AND I THINK I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



NEXT MORNING...

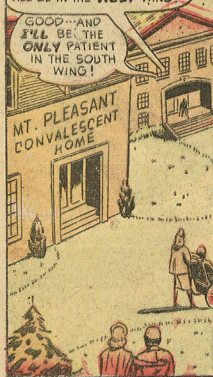
YOUR ACCUSATIONS AGAINST DR. NAMIRHA ARE SIMPLY **FANTASTIC**, MR. BOSTWICK! I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO CANCEL THE CIRCUS PERFORMANCE SCHEDULED HERE THIS AFTERNOON...OR TO PLACE **YOU** IN A STRAIT-JACKET!

YOU'LL DO NEITHER... YOU CAN'T CANCEL THE PERFORMANCE, BECAUSE NAMIRHA WILL ONLY GO ON TO DO HIS FIENDISH WORK AT OTHER PLACES! YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO STOP HIM FOR GOOD IS FOR YOU TO FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS **EXACTLY!**



VERY WELL, MR. BOSTWICK... IF YOU ARE MAD, YOUR PLAN WON'T CAUSE ANY HARM...AND IF YOU'RE RIGHT, IT MAY SAVE LIVES! I'LL TELL DR. NAMIRHA THAT IN ACCORDANCE WITH HIS REQUEST I'VE PLACED ALL CARDIAC PATIENTS IN THE SOUTH WING! ACTUALLY, THEY'LL ALL BE IN THE **WEST WING!**

GOOD...AND I'LL BE THE **ONLY** PATIENT IN THE SOUTH WING!



THAT AFTERNOON, IN A ROOM IN THE SOUTH WING...

AH, I CAN HEAR THE SHOUTS OF SURPRISE COMING FROM THE LAWN...THE ANIMAL-HUMANS MUST'VE JUST APPEARED! I'M READY TO SWALLOW THIS CAPSULE THE INSTANT I HEAR FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING THIS ROOM...BECAUSE THEY'RE BOUND TO BE **NAMIRHA'S** FOOTSTEPS!

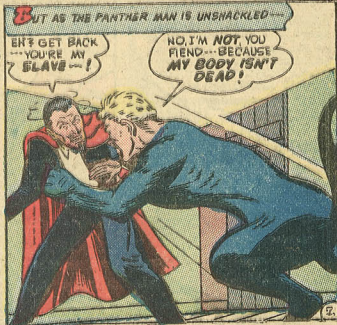
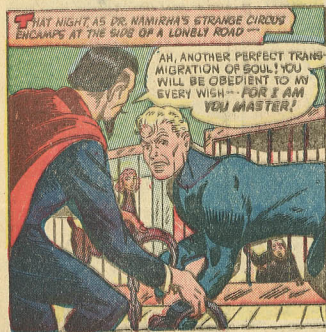
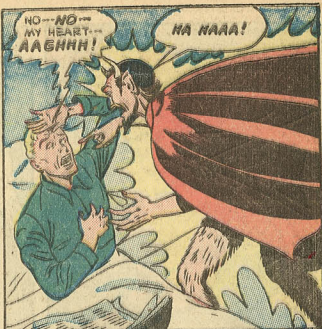


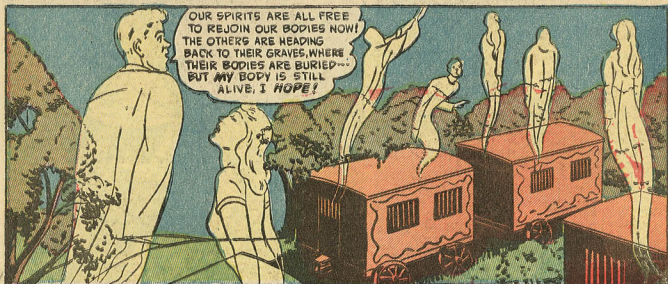
MINUTES LATER...

SOMEONE'S COMING! HERE GOES...IN JUST THIRTY SECONDS, THIS DRUG WILL PUT ME INTO A CALEPTIC TRANCE THAT'S INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM DEATH!

AH, HERE IS THE FIRST ROOM OF THE SOUTH WING...AND MY FIRST VICTIM FOR TODAY!







UNCANNY MYSTERIES... *The PHANTOM and OLIVER CROMWELL.*

OLIVER CROMWELL, ONE OF THE GREATEST MILITARY GENIUSES OF HISTORY, WAS KNOWN TO CONSULT ASTROLOGERS AND WIZARDS BEFORE GOING INTO BATTLE-- BUT ACCORDING TO COL. LINDSAY OF GEN. CROMWELL'S ARMY, THE GENERAL CONSULTED A PHANTOM ON THE FATEFUL MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 32nd, 1651...

BUT, SIR-- HOW CAN YOU THINK OF GOING FOR A WALK AT A MOMENT WHEN THE ARMY OF KING CHARLES IS ABOUT TO DESTROY OUR FORCES?

COME, COL. LINDSAY-- I GO TO MAKE SURE THAT WE WILL DESTROY KING CHARLES!



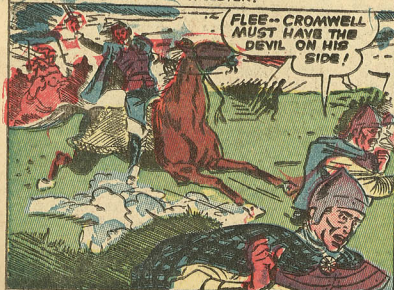
THE GENERAL WENT FORWARD, WHILE COL. LINDSAY STAYED BEHIND-- TO OVERHEAR A WEIRD AND BLOOD-CHILLING CONVERSATION!

BUT THIS IS ONLY FOR SEVEN YEARS-- YOU PROMISED LAST TIME TO GIVE ME TWENTY-ONE!

SEVEN YEARS-- AND NO MORE!



HOURS LATER, CROMWELL LED HIS TROOPS TO A BRILLIANT VICTORY OVER THE FORCES OF KING CHARLES II IN THE FAMOUS BATTLE OF WORCESTER!



FLEE-- CROMWELL MUST HAVE THE DEVIL ON HIS SIDE!

WHEN CROMWELL LED HIS AIDE INTO A GLOOMY FOREST NEAR THE BATTLE-FIELD...

EGAD... STOP! AHEAD OF US LIES A BEING FROM ANOTHER WORLD!

HE FRIGHTENS ME NOT-- THIS MEETING WAS PRE-ARRANGED!



IF YOU WISH TO WIN TODAY'S BATTLE AND RULE OVER ALL ENGLAND, SIGN THE DOCUMENT-- IN BLOOD! BUT-- YOU KNOW THE PRICE!

I-- I'LL SIGN, YOU DEVIL!



SIR OLIVER CROMWELL WENT ON TO BECOME LORD PROTECTOR OF ENGLAND-- BUT ON SEPTEMBER 32nd, 1658...

THE LORD PROTECTOR IS DEAD!

AYE-- SEVEN YEARS TO THE DAY AFTER HE MET THE PHANTOM AT WORCESTER! AND WHO KNOWS WHAT PRICE HIS SOUL IS PAYING NOW?



THE END

DEADLY ENCOUNTER

“O. H. COME IN, come in,” enquired Professor Horton, opening the door of his house wide. “It isn’t often that a Professor of Occult Sciences is paid a visit by a Professor of Zoology. And I must say, my dear Mumford, I’m especially pleased to see you tonight. In fact, I was thinking of visiting you!”

The grim-faced zoology professor raised his eyebrows at his colleague’s remark as he entered. When they were seated in front of the fireplace, Mumford asked, “Did you want to see me about anything in particular, old man?”

“Why, yes,” Horton admitted. “I’ve made a rather startling discovery, and I’ve wanted to discuss it with someone privately for weeks. Finally, I thought of you, because you live alone, and therefore we wouldn’t be disturbed during our...talk. But we’ll go into this matter later. Tell me, what brings you here at this hour of the night?”

“Well, oddly enough, I made an important discovery just this afternoon,” Mumford replied. “But I tentatively thought of discussing it with you, insofar as you live alone too. Strange coincidence, what?”

“Very strange,” agreed Horton. “Just what was this discovery of yours? Zoological, I presume.”

“Naturally. As you may have heard, I recently acquired a live specimen of a very rare bat species, the *vampyrus orientalis*. I got it from a Tibetan collector, and I daresay it’s the only one of its kind in this country.”

“Humm, *vampyrus orientalis*,” murmured Horton. “Does that mean it’s a... vampire bat?”

“That’s what I was trying to find out by experimentation,” said Mumford, an edge of

excitement trailing in his voice. “Quite by accident I got my hand too close to the creature’s head while handling it, and was severely bitten. The moment it happened, I had positive proof of its authenticity, for immediately I changed into a bat. However, I soon learned that the transformation was not permanent, for I was able to resume my human state at will. Your expression tells me that you don’t believe this, Horton, but you will soon be convinced...very soon. I believe that snarling fangs will wipe that stupid smile from your face.”

“I’m not smiling through disbelief, my dear Mumford. It happens that I had an equally strange experience recently. For some time I have been translating a very rare and ancient book on the occult sciences. To make a long story short, while reciting a mystical formula supposedly capable of changing one into a werewolf, I was suddenly seized by violent, unexplainable bodily pains. When the spasm passed, I discovered that I had become a werewolf. I, too, soon learned that the transformation was not permanent. Indeed, I could change my bodily state at will. I wasn’t long in deciding that you would be my first victim, for the same reason you chose me. But, ah...I see that now you are smiling. You think I’m only trying to frighten you. Very well...watch!”

The next morning, when Professor Horton’s house-cleaner entered the locked house, a grisly sight confronted her blood-fied eyes. For there, strewn before the fireplace, were two terribly mangled bodies. And later, when the astonished police finished their investigation, no one could explain how it was that a bit of wolf fur was protruding from Professor Mumford’s fingergalls, or why the talon of a bat was embedded in Professor Horton’s throat.

The EYES of DEATH



SOMWHERE IN CENTRAL EUROPE, BLAZING HEADLINES TELL THE LAST CHAPTER OF THE LONG AND BITTER FEUD BETWEEN TWO ANCIENT FAMILIES...

BARON KALLMAN COMMITS SUICIDE AFTER LOSING FORTUNE!
ERIC VONN, VICTOR IN FINANCIAL BATTLE, NOW OWNS KALLMAN CASTLE!

GLOATING WITH VICTORY, ERIC VONN, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FIANCEE AND BROTHER, TRIUMPHANTLY ENTERS THE DEAD MAN'S ANCESTRAL HOME...

SO THIS IS WHAT YOU'VE WANTED FOR SO LONG. ERIC! GOOD LORD, I THOUGHT YOU WOULD PICK A MORE CHEERFUL PLACE!

NO, ANNA, THIS IS WHERE I WISH TO RESIDE... HERE, WHERE MY ENEMY LIVED! AT LAST KALLMAN CASTLE IS MINE, MINE!



THAT NIGHT, AS A ROARING FIRE THROWS FANTASTIC SHADOWS ON THE SPECTRAL WALLS...

IF ONLY THAT FOOL VICTOR KALLMAN HAD LIVED TO SEE THIS! I, ERIC VONN, IN POSSESSION OF THIS CASTLE! HA-HA... FIRST I RUINED HIM, AND THEN DROVE HIM TO SUICIDE! WHAT A TRIUMPH FOR OUR FAMILY!

YES, ERIC, WE VONNS HAVE A WAY OF GETTING RID OF KALLMANG, DON'T WE?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT, KURT?

TELL HER THE STORY... SHE'LL LOVE IT!

SOME SAY THAT IT'S ONLY A LEGEND... BUT I'M SURE IT WILL APPEAL TO YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR!

LONG AGO, ONE OF MY ANCESTORS, ANOTHER ERIC VONN, HAD VOWED TO MARRY THE MOST FAMOUS BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY... BUT A CERTAIN HANS KALLMAN LOVED HER AND DARED TO THWART HIS DESIRE!

ERIC WAS HANDSOME, CLEVER, WEALTHY... BUT THE GIRL WAS STUPID ENOUGH TO CHOOSE KALLMAN!

YOU'LL COME TO OUR WEDDING, WON'T YOU, ERIC?

PLEASE, ERIC, WE'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU!

THE FOOLS! THEY MUST BE LAUGHING AT ME! MY HONOR IS STAINED... THE HONOR OF MY FAMILY!



HANS AND MARTHA WERE MARRIED, WHILE ERIC WATCHED, WAITING AND PLANNING...

LET THEM BE HAPPY--NOW! THEY KNOW NOT WHAT FATE I HAVE IN STORE FOR THEM!

THAT NIGHT, WHILE THE SERVANTS CELEBRATED IN THE STREETS...

ERIC! HOW DARE YOU INTRUDE? ARE YOU MAD?





IT IS THE LAST CHIMES OF MIDNIGHT...
ECHO OMNIVOUSLY THROUGH THE ANCIENT
CORRIDORS...

ERIC, ERIC
VONN...
AWAKEN!

WHA...WHAT'S
THAT? THERE,
LURKING IN THE
GLOOM...

NO! IT CAN'T BE!
YOU COMMITTED SUICIDE
...I SAW YOUR CORPSE!

TH-THOSE EYES!
LIKE SOME GHASTLY
THING STARING
FROM THE BE-
YOND! I MUST
BE HAVING A
NIGHTMARE.
I MUST!

NO, ERIC
VONN, IT IS
NO NIGHT-
MARE! IT
IS I...

...BARON
KALLMAN!

YES...AND
GLOATED OVER IT!
BUT NOW IT IS MY TURN
TO LAUGH, AND FOR YOU
TO PAY! THREE KALLMANS
HAVE DIED AT THE HANDS OF YOUR
FAMILY--AND NOW THE LEDGER WILL
BE **BALANCED!** YOU WILL DO AS I
SAID, ERIC, **EVERYTHING!**
AND FIRST...YOU
WILL **KILL KURT!**

KILL KURT,
MY OWN BROTHER?
NO, I COULDN'T!

THEN PERHAPS MY
ANCESTOR, **HANS
KALLMAN**... THE
FIRST WHO DIED AT
THE HANDS OF YOUR
FAMILY... CAN
PERSUADE
YOU!

NO! AAGHH!
KEEP AWAY!

COME, HERR
VONN... I HAVE
WAITED LONG
FOR REVENGE!

HE WAITS, ERIC!
SHALL I LET HIM
TOUCH YOU,
TAKE YOU INTO
THE **BEYOND?**

NO, NO! ANY-
THING, ANY-
THING YOU
SAY... ONLY
SPARE ME!

MOMENTS LATER, AS THE GHOSTLY FIGURES WATCH...

THOSE EYES... STILL GLARING OUT OF THE SHADOWS! I **MUST KILL KURT!** MAYBE THEN THEY'LL LET ME ALONE!

IN HIS BROTHER'S CHAMBER...

THERE IS NO CHOICE, BROTHER! IT IS EITHER YOUR WORTHLESS LIFE... OR **MINE!** GOODBYE, KURT!

THE NEXT MORNING, AS ERIC REGISTERS HORRIFIED SURPRISE...

GOOD HEAVENS! KURT... **DEAD!** WE MUST NOTIFY THE POLICE...

NO, ANNA, WE MUST **NOT** CALL THE POLICE... TOO MUCH SCANDAL! WE MUST FIND THE MURDERER **OURSELVES!**

YOU MEAN... YOU WANT US TO REMAIN **HERE...** AFTER THIS?

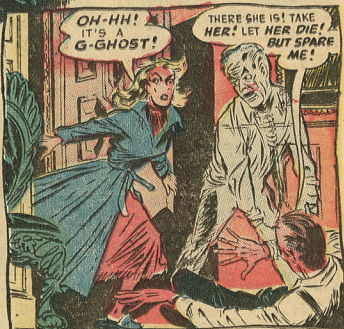
YES, ANNA! WE VONNG **NEVER** SHOW FEAR! WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! TRUST ME, MY DEAR!

THAT NIGHT, AS THE ENDLESS HOURS PASS SLOWLY, ERIC SITS WAITING, WONDERING...

PERHAPS KALLMAN'S GHOST WILL BE SATISFIED NOW THAT I'VE MURDERED **MY OWN BROTHER!** BUT I WON'T BE DRIVEN FROM THIS CASTLE! THEY CAN'T FORCE ME! IT'S **MINE...** I'VE CHEATED, ROBBED, LIED... ALL TO GET IT, AND IT'S **MINE!**

IT'S NEARLY DAWN-- AND HE HASN'T COME! SO HE MUST HAVE HAD ENOUGH REVENGE FOR AN MAN! THE FOOL... IT WAS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY!

BUT YOU HAVEN'T **FINISHED PAYING!** LOOK INTO MY EYES, ERIC VONN!



SHEANE WITH FEAR, ANNA BUREST'S THROUGH THE WINDOW---AND INTO THE YAWNING ABYSS BELOW!



ACROSS THE SWIRLING MISTS WHICH COVER THE MOORS SURROUNDING THE CASTLE, TWO PEASANTS HEAR--



LISTEN! ONLY SOME-ONE FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH COULD UTTER THAT CRY!

YES! WE MUST HURRY---CALL THE POLICE!

MEANWHILE, IN THE CASTLE, ERIC VONN BEGS FOR MERCY---FROM THE MAN HE DROVE TO **SUICIDE!**

ANNA IS DEAD---AND NOW, ONLY YOU REMAIN! THE SCORE OF LIVES IS NOW NEARLY EVEN---BUT NOT EXACTLY!

HAVEN'T YOU HAD ENOUGH REVENGE, YOU FIEND? YOU'VE TAKEN THEIR LIVES---I'VE DONE EVERYTHING YOU'VE ASKED! ISN'T THAT ENOUGH?



POSSESSED WITH THE MANIACAL COURAGE OF A DISEASED MIND, ERIC CHARGES HEAD FIRST AT HIS GHOSTLY ADVERSARY!



I'LL... ARGH!

YES, ERIC! FINE! HA-HA! AGAIN, ERIC AGAIN!

NO, ERIC! THERE MUST BE THREE DEATHS! AND THE THIRD WILL BE YOU!

YOU MONSTER! I WON'T LET YOU! I FORCED YOU ONCE TO TAKE YOUR OWN LIFE---NOW I'LL KILL YOU MYSELF! DO YOU HEAR ME, FIEND? I'LL KILL YOU MYSELF!





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STARTLING NEW
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AFFORD TO MISS...

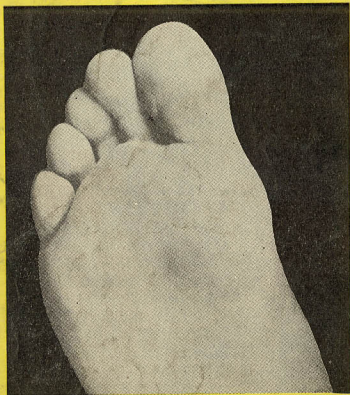
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FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED *Send Coupon*

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is both contagious and infectious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes lodged in and immediately beneath the outer tissue of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used should first, gently remove the horny outer layer of skin and kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It gently removes the horny outer layer of the skin, killing the vegetable growth, in and immediately under the skin, upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

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Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



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